

Next Week, "Brave Barbara," by the author of "Black Eyes and Blue."

New York Saturday Evening Post

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 339.

FLY, LITTLE BIRD!

BY F. X. HALIFAX.

Fly, little bird, across the fields,
Fly, little bird, unto your mate;
Find all the love a true heart yields,
Fly, little bird, the hour is late!

Fly, little bird, fly far away!
Fly, little bird, across the sea!
Fly, little bird, while yet 'tis day—
Fly, little bird, for you are free!

But, ever in your furthest flight,
Across the land, across the sea,
In brightest day, in darkest night,
My little birdie, think of me!

For I'll be sad when you are gone;
My heart will beat for you in pain;
Sweet be the breeze and bright the sun
That brings my birdie back again.

But now farewell, a long farewell;
Go, sing in some sweet tropic land;
Go build your nest in some sweet dell,
Aim your faithful feathered band;

For freedom is a precious thing,
As dear to you as 'tis to me;
Fly, little bird, on swiftest wing—
Fly, little bird, for you are free!

Under the Surface: OR, MURDER WILL OUT.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.,
AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "MABEL VANE,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

THE hours wore on and still the ball was kept up.

It was long after twelve o'clock when Dr. Ashe and Alice Ray left the platform over the parquette, and elbowing their way through the crowd toward the stage, finally reached that mythical, sacred region, known as "behind the scenes."

Slides, swings, curtains, sets, ropes, pulleys, and all the rough paraphernalia of scene-shifting was there. The place was a labyrinth in itself; and its dusky, dreary solitudes were but imperfectly lighted by a stray gas-jet here and there.

But Alice, leaning on the young physician's arm, walked confidently on.

Fred Ashe seemed suddenly serious—thinking, and slightly excited; but he was in nowise nervous.

At length they reached a side exit, and turning to the left, walked on a little way and seated themselves on a bench that chance to be there. A single burner illuminated the quiet, secluded precincts. The cold north wind forced its way into the rear of the building, and blew raw and chilly along the passage-way, rattling the cordage, and shaking the skeleton arras and tapestry into many a mournful creak.

Alice drew her opera-cloak about her shoulders, and crouched confidingly and trustingly closer to her protector. The light from the single jet shone down full upon them, as they sat there all alone in that dreary portion of the large structure. It lit up the face and figure of both.

Alice Ray was a lovely girl—petite in form, yet sufficiently rounded and plump, her bare arms showing to a certain extent beneath the folds of the cloak which she had drawn over her shoulders. Her rich auburn hair rippled in the reflection of the light like wavelets of gold. The girl's face was that of an angel, so pure, so innocent, so artless, so heavenly fascinating and lovely. The gentle, softly curving mouth, the half-pale, half rosy lips, slightly parted, showing the glistening, pearly teeth within; the large blue eyes, dove-like and winsome in their tender glance; the broad, white forehead with the arched brows—all made a very pretty and pleasing picture to look upon, one to be hung up in the halls of memory, there to be loved and cherished.

Fred Ashe was not, strictly, what might be termed a handsome man. In size he was neither large nor small; but his figure was perfect—well-knit, muscular and erect. His face was dark and swarthy and almost concealed behind a full curling beard of a dark brown color. His hair was of the same hue, and was cut close to his head. But if the young doctor was not handsome, he certainly was not homely; for there was a tenderness about his rather sad face, a quiet, sympathizing look in his large black eyes, that won upon all. Along with this, there was a general independent expression of feature that gave him a very noble appearance.

"Are you cold, Miss Ray?" he asked, with some solicitude, as he saw her tighten her cloak around her.

"No—not too cold, doctor," she replied, cheerfully; "for I prefer almost anything to the stifled air in yonder crowded ball. I am glad we can get pure air, even if cold, here, doctor."

"Then you are not overfond of such scenes, such occasions as this?" asked the physician, quickly.

"No, indeed—once in a long while will do for me," was the quiet, earnest reply. "The truth is, I care but little for company; that is, she hastened to say, "such company as we see here to-night. There is so much thoughtlessness, so much giddiness and triviality, that I



Neither saw a tall, dark figure standing not twenty feet away, enveloped in the heavy shadows of the passage.

she is a dangerous girl—ay! she is, as I know, deep and designing."

"Designing? How, and in what way, doctor?" asked Alice, quickly.

But Doctor Ashe did not answer at once. His face flushed viciously, and he turned his head away.

Alice Ray, trembling and excited, continued to gaze at him.

"Perhaps I have spoken too freely, Miss Ray," said the young man, as his eyes once more sought hers. "I only meant—"

"Too freely, doctor? and with me?" and the maiden bit her red lip vexatiously. "Certainly you can trust me!"

"I do trust you, Miss Ray, else I had not spoken as I did; I only feared that I might have wronged the young lady. But, Miss Ray," and he hesitated, "can I trespass on your time and patience just a minute longer? The place is fitting, the opportunity good, for what I have to say, provided you will listen," and he looked at her earnestly with his large black eyes.

"I must not be heard by others."

Alice Ray was a very pure, innocent maiden—unconscious and as trusting as a girl of ten years; but she was a woman and could easily read men, when the subject that burdened their minds pertained to heart-matters. Her pale face flushed slightly at first, then beautifully crimsoned, as her eyes gazed into the dark, pleading orbs of the man who sat beside her. The maiden read the secret there, and, for a single moment, an expression of joy rushed luminously over that innocent, baby face. But in an instant it was gone, and one of pain—almost of anguish, took its place. She simply bowed her pretty head and whispered, in a sweet voice:

"Speak on, doctor; I am listening. Speak on; perhaps it were as well. I'll heed what you say, and I will, sacredly, pre-eve your secret."

What did she mean?

Dr. Ashe was a man of iron nerve, as he had already—and more than once—been proved, in his young life, and as will be shown further in this eventful history; but he trembled now before that sweet-faced girl, before that mutely bowed head, with its mass of golden hair. But he bestirred himself.

"You have known me, Miss Ray," he began, in a low, but steady voice, "for a long time. I remember well when I, a boy of fifteen years, carried you over the brooks, and climbed the hills for you in search of pretty flowers. You were a little maiden of ten. Ah! well do I remember those times—so happy! And I often sit and dream lovingly over them; for they were joyous, brilliant, hopeful, halcyon days to me! And, for me, alas! they have never come again!"

He paused and bent his head as if living again in the glad hours of the past.

And Alice Ray bent her soft, dove-like eyes upon him.

"True; it does not. But I do not like that woman, Miss Ray—I have no fancy for Minerva Clayton."

The young man spoke earnestly.

"Nor do I!" was the sudden and somewhat vehement reply. "Yet," she continued, as if she was ashamed of her hastiness and self-committal, "I have, after all, no reason for my dislike; the young lady has never harmed me."

"Nor me; yet elegant and dazzling as she is,

Clayton! how can you— Ha! sh! some one comes. Quick, Alice; here—behind the scene. Quick. We'll wait until they pass."

In an instant the two had glided noiselessly behind the friendly screen on the opposite side of the passage.

Just then a couple slowly approached, arm-in-arm. One was an elegant-looking gentleman, the other a magnificent woman. They seated themselves upon the bench which had just been vacated.

But neither these two, nor those just gone, noted a tall, dark figure standing not twenty feet away, enveloped in the heavy shadows that lay along the passage.

CHAPTER VI.

NIGHT-WHISPERS.

AT this point we must go back a little way in our story, and follow the two mysterious walkers, whom we have seen skulking along over the snow-covered drives of Fairmount Park. It will be remembered that after briefly pausing under the gloomy arch of the Girard avenue bridge, they again braved the wind and storm, and pushed on around the huge rock, with its bold, hard face, standing up like some gray-walled giant of the night. They hurried around the neighboring bend and entered a low, unpretending house, situated almost on the water's edge.

That house—now long since gone—was well known some years ago, to all who passed up and down the Schuylkill. It was a frequent resort for boats' crews and their fair company. Many a carousal had taken place there, and drunken orgies had reached far into the night, swelling hoarse and riotous over the sleeping waters.

Every old house must have its dark tales; this was no exception to the rule. It too had its legends and its horrors. Yet, until ten o'clock in the evening, all was quiet and orderly, and the delicate suppers of "catfish and coffee"—one of the treats of Schuylkill life—were decorously served by the matronly proprietress and her tidy-looking serving-maids. But it was after ten o'clock—in fact from that hour until the rosy dawn—that the noisy bacchanals were held, and the wild, sometimes terrible scenes were enacted.

The matronly proprietress was then a changed creature; her features would no longer wear the motherly, insinuating smile, and the sudden hardness of her tones told the true, rude, masculine character of the woman.

After that magic hour, the company, too, was changed; gallant youths with their red-cheeked sweethearts no longer frequented the warm, brilliantly-lighted little reception-room. The truth is that such company as this latter was never admitted at such an hour; the house, apparently, was shut to all. For those who had rowed on to the "Falls," on returning, would see no lights flashing from the windows of the old house, everything there was silenced in darkness, and no sound could be heard in that direction save the deep baying of a watch-dog barking over the waters.

Yet there were those who asserted, with a mysterious air, that on more than one occasion, they had seen a strange glimmer flash forth over the rippling river, at a late hour of a stormy night. More than that: they had heard shouts and rousing songs as if coming from some mad revelry, echoing in the dreamy solitude.

There were those, too, who frequented the house after ten o'clock—brawny-armed, rough-looking men—who went there stealthily on foot; and some went in rude, heavy boats. Those men came, and departed quietly; and they always brought or carried away packs. In their belts were stuck knives and pistols, and the fellows seemed watchful and suspicious. Before day, however, all was quiet, and as still as the grave in the old house. Perhaps its occupants were wrapped in slumber.

Old Moll—her last name was known to none, save, perhaps, to herself—was a singular personage, one, at first view, prepossessing to such an degree that the gay-hearted young bargemen on the river knew her familiarly, almost affectionately, as Mother Moll; but at other times, and under other circumstances, and to other of her acquaintances, she was known by another name.

In due time the reader will learn that other name—and whether or not it was deserved.

To resume: the two men disappeared in the gloom of a narrow passage-way. But they paused to shake the snow from their garments and feet.

"Glad we're under cover, Algy, my boy!" muttered one of the fellows, kicking his heavy boots against the rude flooring.

"And I; but what keeps the old woman? She must know that after such a tramp, we must be half frozen."

"Bloody Moll doesn't care a button for that! She's independent of us, Algy. But—yes; here she comes at last, and— No; that is a man's walk."

The two crouched close against the damp wall, as the door at the end of the passage was gently opened and closed, and a tall, heavy figure suddenly loomed up in the uncertain spectral haze flung into the dark place by the glimmering snow. The prowlers scarcely breathed, but clung close to the wall, as the man strode hurriedly and boldly out into the open air. As could be indistinctly seen, he was clothed coarsely, his gigantic person being wrapped in a common, cheap blanket. A mo-

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Opening Chapters Next Week
OF
CORINNE CUSHMAN'S NEW SERIAL,

Brave Barbara;

OR,

FIRST LOVE OR NO LOVE.

The Story of a Wayward Heart.

Delightful and enticing in story—full of exquisite delineation of heart life, and revealing the mystery of that singular contradiction of character where woman repels yet loves—the author develops, in this fine production, a plot and situations of peculiar power and interest. Brave Barbara, as a character, is something new—

Wayward, Strange, Inconsistent, but so thoroughly the typical "American Girl"—bright, independent, resolute and irreproachable, that from the first she is a queen of hearts as she is also the center of dramatic attraction. Then in

THE MANAGING MOTHER

we are given a rare exposition of that class of women—a subtly-drawn portraiture, which is quite a masterpiece of delineation—an English lady who, to further family interests and to gratify a woman's pique, stoops to such art as only a woman can practice; and when she and Barbara meet it is

Woman Against Woman

in a duel, wherein finesse, dislike and will are the weapons—the American Girl against the English Matron. Nor are the men of the drama of lesser interest—two young men as unlike as winter and summer. Around them the world of this romance revolves, for

A MAN'S HEART IS THE PRIZE!

and the matron's generalship and the girl's strategy give act, scene and circumstance in such rapid play as makes the story intensely attractive to the end. With a Wilkie Collins' perception of the subtle, and Charles Reade's recognition of the direct in narrative, the author combines a mastery of the machinery of the affections and passions that is as rare as it is enchanting; and her "Black Eyes and Blue" and "Brave Barbara" may safely be pronounced two of the finest Society Novels that

GRACE OUR FICTION LITERATURE.

Buffalo Bill's Splendid Story, THE PHANTOM SPY,

will commence soon. It is his last work—just finished as he was called by the Government to act as Scout and Guide in the Sioux war. Lovers of border romance and wild life in the West have a great treat in store in this most exciting and intensely interesting story of the beautiful woman who served as spy for a band of prairie robbers.

How Do You Like It, Boys?

Mr. Clark's proposed series of adventures in Ceylon? The first chapters, given in this number, just fairly start the young Yachtsmen and Amateur Sportsmen on their way; the coming chapters will be filled with the real excitement of sport, adventure and peril in those far-off lands, where all is so novel and peculiar. The whole series will greatly enlarge your knowledge of the people and life of those regions; so be sure to read the "Yankee Boys in Ceylon" not hurriedly but attentively; and as you read the chapters, as they issue, tell other boys about the story, that they may get the paper and enjoy it for themselves. Do so, and we will say "Thank you!" ever so politely.

"SKRIMMAGE" WITH THE CHEYENNES.

THAT Buffalo Bill meant "business" when he started for the Sioux country, as chief of scouts, we could well believe. News from the "seat of war" often adverted to his performances, which are highly characteristic of the man. In a late news letter from Fort Laramie we are given the particulars of General Merritt's ride after the Cheyennes—a band eight hundred strong, who were marching to join Sitting Bull.

Informed of this, by courier, Merritt (then near Laramie) immediately put out with his regiment, the noted Fifth Cavalry. He had to make eighty miles while the Indians made only thirty, but this feat the cavalry performed and headed the Indians. The regiment was out of sight behind the bluffs as the Indians came on. Catching sight of the wagon-train, some six miles distant, the red-skins began to maneuver for its capture, and swarmed along a ridge three miles away, over which the train must pass.

Just as these dispositions were making, two couriers put out from the train with dispatches for Merritt, when eight Cheyennes left their cover and rode forward to surprise and scalp the couriers. Buffalo Bill and his scouts, seeing the danger of the couriers, at once mounted and dashed down from the cover where the scouts and the advance guard went under Lieutenant King, accompanied by General Merritt, had been hidden. Cody with his men made his way, unseen by the eight savages, down to the cover of an intervening butte. The account proceeds:

Crouching behind the little butte, Bill and his party of two scouts and six soldiers were breathlessly waiting; half-way up was the General with one of his staff. The lieutenant lay at the crest, watching the rapidly advancing foe. The Indians, nearer and nearer, the scalps falling from their scalped and bloody and their polished ornaments. Then, just as they are dashing by the front of the hill, King shots!

"Now, lad, in with you!"

With a rush and roar the troopers are hurled upon the Indians, and not forty yards away.

General Merritt sprang up to see the attack just as a tall Indian reeled in his saddle, shot by Corporal Wilkinson, of K company. An answering bullet whistled by the General's head, when King still on the watch, sang out:

"Ho! boys, go for the dozens!"

The reserve Indians came swarming down from the ridge to the rescue. Company K was instantly ordered to the front. But before it appeared from behind the bluff, the Indians, emboldened by the rush of their friends to the rescue, turned savagely on the troopers.

The latter sprung from their horses, and met the daring charge with a volley. Yellow Hand, a young Cheyenne brave, came foremost, singing Bill as a foeman worthy of his steel. Cody, with a pistol, was taking deliberate aim at his head. Through the smoke and into his horse's head. Down went the two, and before his friends could reach him, a second shot from Bill's rifle laid the red-skin low.

The Cheyennes broke for their rendezvous, and then the whole body scattered in hot haste, a disordered mass. To pursue, after the hard ride to them, was impossible, so most of the band escaped.

Mr. Cody has sent to his home in Rochester all Yellow Hand's trappings, together with his scalps, which his scouts "raised" as a matter of policy.

An Indian doubly dreads death when he knows it is to go into the happy hunting-ground bald-headed. It is a mark of everlasting disgrace there; so the real Indian-fighter rarely fails to inflict the disgrace when he can. Mr. Cody is a humane man and an honorable foe, but if he wants Sitting Bull's "top-knot," the country will not cry out against the scot who takes it, we opine.

Sunshine Papers.

A Maternal Soliloquy.

"Ever a mortal has cause for joy, it is I when I get those children abed and asleep! Oh! dear, I'm so tired I really cannot sew, though there is no end of work to get done—those new box-pleated dresses for Jessie, three suits for Willie, and all the slips to tuck for Baby, besides any quantity for myself; but the children's sewing must be done first. Jessie had to go out walking to day in a gingham Gabrielle, while Mrs. Preacher's little Mamie had on just the loveliest tucked and ruffled yoked dress. And I do want my Jessie to look as pretty as other children. I often think of it—it is very funny that Mrs. Preacher used to favor us ladies of the sewing-circle with her views upon the bringing up of children; and one matter she considered very reprehensible was the amount of time mothers spent upon adorning their little ones. But I notice that she manages to put as much work as possible on all Mamie's clothes. I suppose it is only the cropping out of human nature. We all want to see our own look the nicest. I do think though, sometimes, that perhaps the practice encourages an overfondness for mere fashion in children; but my children will not be harmed yet; they are too young. That reminds me that I was reading, somewhere, that the education of children should be commenced as soon as they show that they observe anything. But every one has such excellent theories as to how children should be brought up! I reckon the theories never stand much practice! I know mine do not! I remember very distinctly, before I was married to George, when I visited sister Liz, I used to get so out of patience with her government, and think how I would do so and so, if I were the mother of her children. And now I don't do so and so with my own; though, really, I am glad mine are a little better disciplined than hers!

"Ah, me! I wish half the people who preach to me as to what I should do, had to do it themselves! There is Mrs. Little, never had a chick or child in the world, to keep her up nights and be tended all day, harangued me as to the necessity of feeding baby at only regular hours, no matter how much he cries. Well, I tried it for a day and a half, until I was almost crazy with his incessant screaming, and the whole household was getting cross under it, and George wanted to have a doctor for the child was injuring himself; and then I just fed him when he cried! And I know Mrs. Little would have done it during the first day! Mother comes and says I ought never to punish Jessie, but just coxcomb; and that Marjory says my children are saucy, and self-willed, and will end up on the gallows, because of course, no one is good enough to associate with them, and to wander about with no associates can not be pleasant.

If some boys swear or drink I think it is because they have learned to do so from older persons. If fathers are addicted to these habits you can not blame the children from following their example. Parents, when you are correcting your boys, just see if you do not need some correction yourself. Bear with some of their faults as you expect to be borne with in some of yours. If boys are not models of perfection can parents say they are perfect themselves?

Now, boys, I think you have been "snubbed" quite enough and it is high time some one's pen wrote in your behalf. I haven't said much, but what I have said I have heartily felt. When people are clamoring for "men's rights" and "women's rights" why don't they advocate "boys' rights"?

Boys, you work hard, and strive to do the best you can, and you need more credit for what you do. Keep on the "right" path, and don't swerve from it, and while you are helping yourselves along, don't forget to extend the helping hand to some brother who is in the wrong path or has fallen by the wayside.

EVIE LAWLESS.

Fooscap Papers.

On Early Rising.

EARLY to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and—terribly cross all day.

It was this getting up in the mornings that had ruined me from boyhood. I wouldn't be half aged if I had been allowed to finish my last dream in the morning when I was a boy.

I never had yeast powder enough in me to make me get up of my own accord before breakfast.

It is all very nice to get up and see the sun rise, but I always thought that one or two sights of this singular phenomenon was sufficient, at least for me.

I should not mind seeing the children of some very theoretical woman, however. I do wonder what they would be like. My private opinion is that even the most theoretical women find it a task beyond their control to bring up their children in strict accordance with their theories. And if such a thing could be once brought about, I'll venture to say the

children would be awfully pitiable, unlovable creatures. After all, my Jessie is as sweet a child as a mother need wish to have. To be sure, she talked rather saucy to Mrs. Propor the other day; but then Mrs. Propor is an old fuss, and she had no business to be telling my child what she ought to do, and I'm not very sorry that Jessie gave her a good answer. And Jessie does not always mind real well; but no child is inclined to mind, and Jessie does when she is made to. And though Willie is mischievous, one can shut things out of his way, and I can nearly always coax him to stop crying, shortly.

"Anyway, I'm glad I can bring up children better than Mrs. Karelle, next door. Her Anna is just the most disobedient, and saucy, and self-willed child, I ever saw. I should not be at all surprised if Jessie would not be much improved by being forbidden to play with her. And—Ooh! dear, there is the baby crying! I do not approve of it, but I think I will give him a dose of paregoric, just this once, to see if I cannot have one quiet night! I should never think of giving it incessantly, as some people do!"

BOYS.

It is rather an untrue assertion to state that all boys are mischievous and prone to do evil, because such is not the fact. I know there are some who seem to look upon boys as heathens, but their experience with them must have been rather strange. You state that boys stone cats, tie tin kettles to the candle appendages of dogs, and will steal robins' eggs. I grant you that some do, but it strikes me these are exceptional cases, and I don't think they should be brought up against them as a class.

Perhaps you will tell me to look at Jessie Pomeroy and that youthful liar who endeavored to palm himself off as the genuine Charley Ross. I can't look at them and I wouldn't look at them if I could. They are too far away for me to do the first, and as for the second, I don't think they would be very interesting objects to contemplate. We will let them alone and look upon the brighter side of the picture.

A Swedish lad residing in the Pine Tree State has, for one year and a half, walked to and from his work a distance of nine miles. Some one commenting upon this says—"Think of that, you boys who deem it such a trouble to get your mother a pail of water!" I echo his remark in wanting the boys to think of it because it is a very good thought and something in that boy's character should serve as an example.

But, about that pail of water. I know some boys are "awful" lazy concerning the getting of it; still, we grown folks are just as lazy in our movements in going about various occupations. Yet, it is no very pleasant work to go to the well of a cold day in February and find the bucket so fearfully Arctic that it benumbs one's hands to take hold of it—then the water is so low that the work is pretty hard—the filling of two pails—and probably as you near the house you slip on the ice, hurt your knees and spill the water, rendering it necessary to make that trot to the well again. I don't believe I'd feel very angelic myself, about that time, and my face might be drawn down when mother said, "Sonny, can't you get me a pail of water to fill the tea kettle?"

Supposing you were in the midst of an entertaining story and were called off to attend to the getting of dinner—wouldn't you be inclined to think there was no such thing as dinner-getting? You can not blame a boy then for wishing all the water in the world was dried up when you interrupt his romantic reading with the somewhat prosaic remark of—"Come, sonny, won't you get me a pail of water to fill the tea kettle?"

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Jesting aside. Did you ever think of the noble army of boys working on farms, in stores, and in workshops—many who are toiling all day and attending school in the evenings?

These boys will be the men of the future, and it is our moral duty to encourage and assist them all we can. Many of these boys would set an example to older heads in patience and perseverance. They are not mischievous; they have not the time to be, and I don't believe they have the *inclination*; yet they are fond of fun—fun is not all mischief, or even a part of it, always—and I don't blame them for it. I'd rather have them with spunk, spirit and vim than have them like the milk-and-water boys we read of in some of the senseless Sun day school books—creatures that only exist in the imagination of the author. I have a horror of these fearfully "good" boys, for they seem so *unnatural*. I am inclined to think they must be extremely lonesome because, of course, no one is good enough to associate with them, and to wander about with no associates can not be pleasant.

If some boys swear or drink I think it is because they have learned to do so from older persons. If fathers are addicted to these habits you can not blame the children from following their example. Parents, when you are correcting your boys, just see if you do not need some correction yourself. Bear with some of their faults as you expect to be borne with in some of yours. If boys are not models of perfection can parents say they are perfect themselves?

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I never had yeast powder enough in me to make me get up of my own accord before breakfast.

It is all very nice to get up and see the sun rise, but I always thought that one or two sights of this singular phenomenon was sufficient, at least for me.

The early bird will catch the early worm, but if the early worm wasn't a fool it would stay in its little bed and not come out. That's the way I look at that; and besides, who wants to get up and go out into the damp and cold for fish-worms, and fish for a bad bronchitis?

The sun will rise whether I rise or not, so I can't see the use of me getting up to assist it.

with my eyes so full of sleep that the lids won't obey orders.

Who desires anybody to rise early and go stamping around the house waking everybody up? It is not in my ten commandments. It is well enough to go to bed early, but getting up early is a little too much for one night.

Nature has given us sleep, and rather than detract from it I would add to it—I'm a liberal and generous soul.

Somebody has said that sixteen hours of sleep is too much; where is that man?

When old Ben Franklin invented early rising he did it just for the sake of turning a rhyme; and I'll bet five dollars of your own money that old Ben slept while he made his boys get up.

A man may live a little more by getting up early, but I don't think he will live as long, for there is just so much sleep in a person, and it has got to come out.

If a man sleeps twelve hours it is very evident he will have but twelve hours to worry and trouble himself over his cares, and that is a great blessing.

I once read of a man who got up

HEART FROM HEART.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Give your hand and let us part,
For parting is a pain at best,
Oh 'tis anguish to know the heart
Must pine for aye and know no rest.

The pathos of your voice is sweet,
But on my ear falls like a knell,
My sadness, too, is now complete,
For you have said your last farewell.

Your eyes now brimming o'er with tears,
Show me that you forebore the pain
That sorrow gives in coming years,
Through which we would not live again.

Here are your letters, I have mine;
You sent them to me yesterday.
The pang they gave can ne'er by time
Be healed, or wiped for aye away.

But to part with yours is taking
That, which is more than life to me,
They gave joy, but now are breaking
My bleeding heart with agony.

Oh, how fondly in my day-dreams
I read their perfumed pages o'er,
With cheeks aglow and eyes whose beams
The love-light of their contents wore.

Each flower is there they once contained,
Pansies, forget-me-nots—the rose
You sent me last, my tears have rained
On, I forgot not to inclose.

Take them, though I waver, falter,
For they are of your love a part.
Oh, my life, how it will alter,
For fate has torn us heart from heart!

The Men of '76.

WILLIAM, LORD STIRLING,

The American Patriot Earl.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, though American born, was the rightful inheritor of the Earldom of Stirling, in Scotland. Heirs to the earldom failing in Great Britain, he assumed the title, though he never authenticated his claims to the property, in legal form.

His father, James Alexander, having participated in the ill-fortunes of "the Pretender," had to abandon the kingdom to escape arrest for high treason; so he took refuge in the colony of New York, in the year 1716. In a short period, by his family influence, he became Secretary of the Province, and being a man of fine attainments, soon obtained eminence in the colony, in whose political, social and intellectual progress he took the deepest interest. He was the correspondent with many of the men of science and learning in Great Britain; and was, with Franklin and others, founder of the American Philosophical Society. He married a widow whose remarkable business talent had made her prominent in the commerce of New York and added largely to her wealth, so that William—born in New York in 1726—had every advantage of education the colony could bestow—the father himself being his tutor in the exact sciences. Early in life William became assistant to his mother; then her partner; and having obtained a contract to supply the army of General Shirley, operating against the savages on the Canadian border, he joined the commissariat of that army, but was soon added to Shirley's own staff, as aide-de-camp and private secretary. In this capacity he served for three campaigns, and thus learned much of military life, for which he betrayed great aptitude. When Shirley was recalled, charged with bad administration of affairs, his secretary went with him to London, and by his excellent exposition of accounts, correspondence and transactions, at his examination before the bar of the House of Commons (April, 1757), he relieved the general and won for himself a large circle of influential friends.

He then essayed to establish his claim to the earldom of Stirling, and did so in fact but had not done so fully in law and form, when he was recalled to America by the death of his mother, whose great property he inherited. Having, some years before, married the eldest daughter of Philip Livingston, by her he obtained a very large landed estate, so that he was, both by wealth, position, and education, one of the most influential men in the province.

Having succeeded his admirable father as surveyor-general of New Jersey, he pursued his profession and studies with zeal—attempting a large map of North America, making astronomical observations and tables, working to secure government aid and endowments to Kings (now Columbia) College, and, like his father, doing much to encourage the pursuits of science. His father having acquired and willed to him an extensive landed estate in East Jersey, he built a fine residence at Baskin Ridge, and it became his residence, where he, as one of the great proprietors of the colony, dispensed an almost princely hospitality.

Lord Stirling, from the incipiency of differences between crown and colonies, sustained the colonial cause, and when the offensive Stamp Act was proclaimed, immediately set the example, as proprietor, of dispensing with the stamped paper on contracts and conveyances without prejudice to validity and title. It was a defiance of the act, prompt and decisive. Then he worked for its repeal, and, using all his now great influence in Great Britain, did very much to secure its abolition.

His position of course made him a marked man, and when the crisis came the people of his county looked to him for counsel. He responded to the news from Lexington by immediately opening an office for recruits to a regiment, of which he was elected colonel; but Congress having named him to command one of the two regiments ordered in New Jersey for the Continental army, his transfer from the militia to the general service was accepted by most of his officers and recruits, and, after a hasty trip to Philadelphia, reported his regiment ready for the field, fully equipped. Taking position at Elizabeth, he gave ample protection to vessels driven thither by British cruisers.

In January the regiment was ordered to New

York city; but, before going, performed an exploit that well indicated the spirit of the men. A British transport, well laden with stores and munitions for the British army in Boston, was reported as at Sandy Hook waiting for convoy. Stirling immediately proceeded to Perth Amboy, seized a pilot-boat, filled her with men; three other small vessels were also pressed into service; he put to sea just as night fell, and found the transport twenty miles out, and before her single-shot gun could be brought to bear on the boarders, she was their prize. They brought her safely into Amboy, while the British ship of war Asia, and her tender, lay in full view at anchor just within the Narrows. For this act Congress passed one of its first votes of thanks, and, March 4th, he was commissioned brigadier-general the commission being accompanied with a highly complimentary letter from the President of Congress.

Proceeding to New York, where Lee was in command, he was senior officer when Lee was sent to the South, and thus for a season held

chief command in New York city. The danger of a British occupancy of the city was felt by all, and Stirling acted with commendable resolution. Additional troops were called for from New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, proper points in and around New York were fortified—soldiers and citizens working zealously together—and every means taken to secure the city from surprise or seizure. Washington wrote him from Cambridge: "The fate of this campaign, and of course the fate of America, depends on you and the army under your command, should the enemy attempt your quarter."

Lord Stirling, relieved for a short time of command in the city by his senior, Brig. Gen'l Thompson, proceeded to erect batteries at various surrounding and defensive points on the Jersey side, but soon returned to New York, again to take chief command—Thompson being ordered to the Canadian expedition.

How the American army, having driven the British from Boston, hastened to New York, we have recorded [see sketches of Washington, Putnam, and Greene]. Lord Stirling, in the assignment of commands for defending New York, took the American right of the entrenched works on Long Island, where it was supposed Sir William Howe would make his most vigorous assault.

General Grant—afterward so noted in the war—heled the British left, with five thousand and disciplined troops—two brigades, one regiment of Highlanders, and two companies of New York "Provincials" (renegades) and tories, with which Long Island literally swarmed, and from whom the enemy received all necessary information. Stirling's force was only about two thousand—Maryland, Delaware, and Connecticut regiments, with Atlee's rifle corps and Kichline's Pennsylvania musketeers as advance guard.

Grant's movement really was a feint to cover Howe's designs upon the east end of the American line, where Sullivan commanded. [See sketch of Sullivan.] This feint struck Atlee, early on the morning of Aug. 27th, and drove him upon the Governor's road, when Stirling formed his line of battle, stretching from Governor's Bay to the Flatbush road—his center being on what is now known as Battle Hill, in Greenwood Cemetery. Of this center, composed of Maryland and Delaware men, he took command in person, planting on the hill the field-pieces, whose well-serve fire, backed by Kichline's riflemen, soon arrested Grant's apparent advance.

For six hours very sharp line firing followed, and the feint was so fiercely pressed that Putnam, in general field command, believed that Howe's design was to force the line at that point. This view of matters was confirmed by Grant's reception of two additional regiments, at ten o'clock, from the fleet; whereupon Stirling ordered forward all his reserves, to defend Battle Hill to the last extremity, before retiring behind Gowanus creek.

With the arrival of his reinforcements came the signal from Howe, far to the east (about eleven o'clock, A. M.)—two guns fired in rapid succession. It meant, "Grant, advance!" De Heister, with his Hessians, already had engaged Sullivan. Grant immediately dashed forward. Atlee's men, out on the skirmish line, were all (two hundred and thirty-five) killed or made prisoners. Then the Connecticut regiment, holding the Gowanus road, was literally overwhelmed. At the same time, the Hessians, having carried the Flatbush road, came streaming on Stirling's left and rear, and pushed on to seize the old Cortelyou house, which commanded the Gowanus creek bridge.

The situation was indeed critical. His entire command was lost if he could not temporally hold the enemy where they were. Acting quickly, he chose one-half of his regiment of young Marylanders—many of them mere boys—and ordering all else of his force to retreat over the adjacent swamp to and over the creek, he marched with his three hundred, literally into the jaws of death—down upon the enemy, at the Cortelyou house, to engage Cornwallis there while the flying men were making their way over the creek. It was a dread alternative, but, headed by Stirling, the Marylanders walked "into the breach" to save the others. Five charges were made from a protecting hill in a bend of the road, upon Cornwallis' position. Once the very cannoneers were shot or slain at their guns by the desperate Americans. Down the little band went under the awful fire from the house and the Hessians on the hillsides, until only a mere handful were left; then they could charge no more.

They had laid down their lives to save their comrades; this accomplished, the remnant dashed away for the creek. Stirling, mounting his horse, rode back along the hills until he came up with De Heister, to whom he delivered his sword. He would not surrender to an Englishman. Of the three hundred, two hundred and fifty-six never again answered the roll-call.

Stirling was treated with great respect and immediately conveyed to a vessel-of-war, where he met Sullivan and others—prisoners.

He was soon exchanged. Congress, for his splendid action on the 27th, having promoted him to the Major-General's grade, he rejoined Washington's army in its sad retreat from New York, across New Jersey, was a participant, as well as in the operations in New Jersey in the winter (1776-7) after the gallant strokes at Trenton. His field services as advance guard, to watch and confront the enemy, were invaluable, and the numerous occasions, when his vigilance and pertinacious bravery gave the British a realizing sense of his efficiency, form exciting pages in the story of 1777.

When Howe was confronted by the American army at Brandywine creek, Stirling's division was assigned the American right and he had with credit. [See account of this battle in sketches of Greene, Lafayette, Wayne, and Sullivan.] Taking position above Philadelphia, Stirling's division was ever on the alert. It was the reserve in the brilliant battle of Germantown, and, called into action near its close, behaved with splendid spirit.

Stirling was quartered at Reading during the winter of 1777-78. At his table the busy-body, General Wilkinson, conveying dispatches from Gates to Congress, revealed something of the scheme hatching by Gates' friends to dispossess Washington of the chief command.

This information Lord Stirling conveyed to the Commander-in-chief—much to Wilkinson's annoyance, for the revelation developed the full designs of the "Conway Cabal," and thus contributed to its defeat. Wilkinson's wounded honor impelled him to threaten to challenge Stirling, but a dignified note from his lordship satisfied his wounded sensibilities—especially as Stirling was quite willing to give him "satisfaction" of another kind, if he should ask for it.

In the almost disaster at Monmouth, occasioned by Lee's retreat [see sketches of Washington and Lafayette], Lord Stirling's division gave Cornwallis his first severe check; then Greene's division came in, with Knox's artillery, and Wayne's brigade, and the great battle of Monmouth was virtually won.

In the disposition that followed (1778) he was given the post of watchfulness at Elizabeth. Several daring exploits by his troops—the dash into Paulus Hook and the raid on Staten Island—attested his ready enterprise, and kept his enemy from marauds in New Jersey. In 1779 he removed with his division to Pompton, ready, on instant notice, to move north, to West Point, or upon the country below, if the enemy in New York city should move in either direction. In 1780 Stirling's command was not called upon for severe service, as the seat of war had moved to the South. He visited his ruined estate at Baskin Ridge only to find that in serving his country he had lost almost everything an enemy could destroy. In 1781 he was given command in the north, to confront St. Leger's invasion from Canada. St. Leger never got below Lake George. Then Stirling returned to take command in New Jersey, with headquarters at Philadelphia (1780-81). Again (1782) he went north to repel invasions from Canada, and, though no hostilities ensued, it was an arduous season of watchfulness and work. Exposure brought on an attack of gout, from which he died, at Albany, Jan. 15th, 1783.

News of Lord Stirling's death was everywhere received with deep regret. Washington's announcement of the event, to Congress, was in most appropriate terms, and the resolutions passed by Congress well expressed the high estimate which that august body placed upon his patriotism, services and sacrifices.

Washington's letter of condolence to the widow was a touching utterance—reflecting high honor on the living chief and the soldier who died.

"An honorable example of a man, counting nothing of value in comparison with the sacred

maintenance of his principles, and sinking every selfish consideration in the one strong and

controlling feeling of an ardent patriotism."

Your father will find it impossible to hide you in a mad-house in a country so well-regulated as this. I will put your friends on the track—only give me their names—" he took out his tablets and waited for her to speak.

"My adopted father is Mr. Vernon of Lyngurg, New Hampshire; but he is now somewhere with my mother, who has a divorce from my father and goes by her own family name of D'Eglantine—the two are searching for me, I have no doubt—"

"Nor I!" exclaimed Mr. Rhodes, cheerfully,

"they came over, with me, in the Germania,

landing three days ago. They are looking for you. I sent a telegram to Baden this evening to Madame D'Eglantine, saying that I believed you to be the daughter of whom she was in search, and to come on as quickly as possible. Still, she may not be in Baden; the message may not reach her. Yet it will comfort you to know that it cannot be many days before she overtakes you; and you have my assurance that you shall be immured in no asylum, or other dark place, without my knowledge. If I cannot prevent your father doing as he pleases I can put detectives on his movements, so that his steps will be all known to your mother. So, now, my dear girl, be of good cheer; defy the hideous old baron; let your father persecute you as he may for it; he will be watched and not allowed to do you serious harm."

All this time the proprietress stood, glaring uneasily at the couple, unable to understand their language, but certain that something startling was transpiring, and afraid for the reputation of her old tumble-down house. Mr. Rhodes comprehended her trepidation. He realized, too, that this was no place for the young lady to remain over night, should it be that her father failed to look for her.

"Madame," said he to the woman, in French,

"have you no quiet, respectable female friend with whom this young lady can take refuge for the night, without being compromised? I will answer for it that you are well paid for your trouble; and your friend, also. Money is no object. Mademoiselle desires to escape a suitor whom her father favors; you saw him—the ugly old baron?"

"Yes," said the proprietress, with a laugh,

"a 's is no wonder mademoiselle flies from such a lover—ah, bah!" shrugging her shoulders. "I can provide her with lodgings where she will be secure—but, monsieur must know it is not my business to get myself into trouble!" with another shrug.

"Tell her my mother will make her rich for life," murmured Violet, hastily, "if she will only promise—Oh, what is that?" and she began to scream and to run to the further end of the room.

Up the dim staircase, with a great flaring of lights, came the father, the ancient lover and two *gens d'armes*—enough, in all conscience, to secure one poor, trembling girl. The flame of the candles they bore flashed out over the weapons of the tall police-soldiers—over the suave, malicious smile on the parent's face, and the anxious little grin and frown on that of the old milord, whose whole wicked soul was stirred by the fear of losing a young, beautiful wife whose estates stretched far and broad under the sunny skies of France.

"This is the abductor of my daughter—arrest him," commanded Ethan Goldsborough in his broken German, pointing to Mr. Rhodes; and the *gens d'armes* immediately laid a strong clasp on both of Redmond's arms.

In vain the prisoner expostulated and explained; the fellows had their orders from the chief, and dare not disobey them. A stranger like Redmond, was at a terrible disadvantage with an enemy like Sir Israel, who had lived years in the country, who was known everywhere as a rich milord, and was familiar with all the processes of the law. He had managed the affair, and stood by, grinning like the ancient Lucifer he was, while Mr. Rhodes strove to convince the men that they were all wrong—would be punished—that the consul of the port should know, say, the United States minister. These soldiers were but machines who did the bidding of others; they shook their heads gravely, said nothing, pulled and pushed their prisoner along; while the proprietress, all her sympathies reversed by the sight of the *gens d'armes*, wrung her hands, volubly urging her lodger to go peacefully, and not ruin a poor widow by quarreling in her house with the soldiers.

And so our fastidious Redmond Rhodes, who avoided everything sensational as he would avoid the small-pox, passed the remainder of the night in a dreary room of the city-prison.

He was angry and mortified.

"This pays me for meddling in other people's affairs!"

But his feeling of humiliation for himself was nothing compared with the anxiety, the positive wretchedness he felt in being hindered from doing anything for Miss D'Eglantine.

Every moment of the night he saw the look of terror in her eyes when he was dragged away.

He counted the hours, the minutes, until his miserable breakfast was brought to him. He had an appeal ready—scrawled on an old letter—to the United States consul, asking him to come *immediately* and interfere in his behalf; and this he gave to the attendant who brought his meal, accompanied by a gold piece which made the fellow's eyes glisten, and an order to have the message sent without delay.

He expected a visit from the consul within an hour—or two, at the furthest—for the references he had given as to his position at home were such as that personage would not be apt to slight; but the whole morning crawled on at a snail's pace; noon came, with its dinner of bread and cabbage soup; but no consul. The jailer swore that the letter had been delivered; that the consul had promised to come *immediately*; that he had no idea why he had not kept his promise. The truth was that bribery had been at work outside, and the energetic appeal of the prisoner still reposed in the jailer's pocket.

"When shall I have my call to appear before the court, then?"

"Some time to-day; it cannot be long now."

The whole day passed, darkness fell, and the prisoner had not been summoned before the civil authorities. Cool and well-governed as was the temper of Mr. Rhodes, he was in a fever of anger and despair by bedtime—anger for himself, despair for the lovely girl whom he had failed to help. How powerless she must be to resist the will of those two men, since he had so easily been trapped! His tortured imagination pictured her in two scenes, constantly—in one, she was the doomed bride of the grinning baron—in the other, a corpse, slain by her own hand to escape that doom. The thought of Madame D'Eglantine added to his uneasiness.

And so the second sleepless night wore itself slowly away.

About ten o'clock of the second day his prison door opened, the *gens d'armes* waited to conduct him before the magistrate, where, as the complainants did not appear, there was no case against him, and he was soon dismissed. Mr. Rhodes knew his accusers would fail to appear; doubtless they were many miles from there before this—and their unhappy victim with them; as soon as he was free, he hurried to the consul's office to demand, indignantly, the reason for his letter having been neglected. He had just learned that it had never been received, when a lady walked into the office, and throwing her veil from her face, revealed the delicate, high-bred features of Madame D'Eglantine.

When she saw Mr. Rhodes she uttered a half-suppressed cry, rushed to him and wrung his hand.

"Where is Violet—where is my child?" she eagerly demanded.

"Alas! I would that I could inform you, Madame D'Eglantine! I am horribly afraid those villains have succeeded in making you and your daughter miserable for life. You must hear this lady's story, and give us what aid you can," continued Redmond, turning to the consul, who very willingly listened to what they had to say, promising all the assistance in his power; but very dubious as to his power to afford any under the circumstances.

While the three were anxiously consulting together, a messenger came into the room, inquired for Monsieur Rhodes, and handed him a sealed envelope.

Redmond hastily tore it open; a slip of paper fell out. He picked it up, and read, written in a cramped, trembling hand, which he took to be that of the baron's:

"It'll be as good as an eddication to go 'long with you fellows, when you've got such a man at ~~the~~ head"—for the party had secured, as guide and leader, one of the hero-hunters of the plains. "I'll pay fur my own fodder, an' help cook yours besides;" and so far, Floss—that was the lad's name—had kept his part of the bargain; he was always ready to hold a horse for Mr. Harold, black his boots, wash his dishes, make his bed, pack his traps, although he asked no pay for such services.

The hired guides and servants found that he surpassed them all in making coffee or broiling a buffalo steak. Everybody liked him, despite a certain reserve and sadness not apt to be appreciated by the rough hunters who accompanied the amateurs.

With that dagger-gleam still darting from his bright eyes, Floss touched a silv' spur to the tough side of his shaggy mustang; and the horse bounded forward, the boy touching his slouched hat respectfully as he passed the gentleman, and pausing on until he had overtaken the leader, who was riding two or three hundred yards in advance.

"Hullo, my little chap!" said the hunter, looking kindly at the boy as he rode up.

"Want anything?"

"Yes," said the boy, his large eyes glowing like fire under his hat-brim; "I want to know if there's going to be any real *danger* during this excursion?"

"Why?"

"'Coz if there is, I want to be in the thick of it."

"Oh, you do! What fur, I wonder?"

"Cos I'm tired of life, Bill. I jined in hopes that suthin' would take me off," and here the fire was quenched in sudden tears which rolled over onto the swarthy cheeks.

"Sho! just h'ist that, my boy—twon't do," and the brave hunter, who had killed his forty men, to say nothing of red-skins! reached out a slender, supple hand, not much larger than a lady's, and laid it gently on Floss's shoulder. "But, as to the *danger* you ask about: that moughtn't be so fur away. The tracks o' them pesky red-skins is about as thick as this morning, as the houses o' them prairie-dogs. They're over that, somehow, waitin' for us," and he pointed toward a range of low hills, lying against the horizon, and shrouded in a purple haze, so that one who did not know could not tell whether they were ten or fifty miles away. "I reckon I ought to tell my friends, an' give 'em their choice 'twixt losing the bison altogether or having a bout with them r'd devils."

"Indeed, they should be told at once," said Floss, decidedly.

And then he fell to thinking. It would not be a pleasant death to be scalped or tortured by Indians—the bare idea made his very soul shrink with terror—yet he wanted to die. Ay! he even fancied that he wanted some others of that gay company to die, too—say the two gallant gentlemen who had avowed the sentiment that when they were "off" with a love-affair, the more completely they were off the better! At times he thought he could himself murder that Mr. Harold, who carried himself so finely and so jovially, from day to day. Then again, his heart turned traitor to his purpose. Floss rode on, with drooping head, thinking very fast and hard indeed, for a few minutes. Whether or not he wished to die, or desired the death of others, the truth was not, at present, in his own hands.

The guide had stopped his horse, waiting until the whole company of fifteen gentlemen, three other guides and helpers, and the boy, made a group about him. He then disclosed the fact that Indians were lurking in the vicinity, and asked the question whether the hunt was to be abandoned or whether they were to proceed.

The retreat could doubtless be safely made, for nearly the whole day was before them, and an attack would hardly be made on the open plain in broad daylight. The blood of the descendants of the heroes of ancient chivalry was up, and they positively refused to ride back without a shot either at the game they came to seek or the foe who hindered their pursuit of it. The cheek of many an English beauty would have paled, that day, could she have heard, from afar, the discussion held on that sea-like plain and the resolution which ended it.

It was decided to advance; for if there were tracks of Indians, there were tracks of bison, too. The Indians might be only peaceable hunters like themselves; though their leader scouted this theory. By a craft learned only by long experience he made himself certain that the party was at least double their own number—that they were warring red-skins—and their object murder and pillage.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 330.)

REDUCTIO AND ABSURDUM.

I had come from the city early.

That Saturday afternoon:

I sat with Beatrix under the trees

In the mossy orchard; the golden bees

Buzzed over every-top, and pearly;

It was peace and inclined to spoon.

We were sitting while with mother,

At the quiet country place,

Where we'd met, one blossomy May,

And fallen in love—so had we,

Brought to my memory many another

In the happy time when I won her grace.

Days in the bright spring weather

When the twisted, rough old tree

Showed down its apple-blooded and sweet,

Then I'd sit in her lap and babbled at her feet.

Sweet was her face as we lingered together,

And daintily the kisses my love gave me,

"Dear love, are you calling?"

The old days, too!" I said.

Her sweet eyes filled, and with tender grace

She turned and rested her blushing face

Against my shoulder; a sunbeam falling

Through the leaves above us, crowned her head.

And so I held her, trusting

That none was by to see;

A sad mistake for love, I know,

This foolish comment reached my ear:

"Married for ages—she's just disgusting—

Such actions—and, Fred, they've got our tree!"

LA MASQUE,

The Vailed Sorceress;

OR,

THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN.

A TALE OF ILLUSION, DELUSION AND MYSTERY.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,

AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "THE TWIN SISTERS," "AN AWFUL MYSTERY,"

"ERMINIE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

At this new disclosure, Sir Norman stood perfectly petrified, and La Masque, looking down at the dreiful place at her feet, went rapidly on:

"Alas and alas! that it should be so; but it is the direful truth. We bear the same name, we had the same father; and yet I have been the curse and bane of their lives."

"And Leoline knows this?"

"She never knew until this night, or any one else alive; and no one should know it now, were not my ghastly life ending. I prayed her to forgive me for the wrong I have done her; and she may, for she is gentle and good—but when, when shall I be able to forgive myself?"

The sharp pain in her voice jarred on Sir Norman's ear and heart; and, to get rid of its echo, he hurriedly asked:

"You say you bear the same name. May I ask what that name is?"

"It is one, Sir Norman Kingsley, before which your own ancient title pales. We are Montmorencis and in our veins runs the proud blood in France."

"Then Leoline is French, and of noble birth?" said Sir Norman, with a thrill of pleasure. "I loved her for herself alone, and would have wedded her had she been the child of a beggar; but I rejoice to hear this, nevertheless. Her father, then, bore a title?"

"Her father was the Marquis de Montmorenci, but Leoline's mother and mine were not the same—had they been, the lives of all four might have been very different; but it is too late to lament that now. My mother had no gentle blood in her veins, as Leoline's had, for she was but a fisherman's daughter, torn from her home, and married by force. Neither did she love my father, notwithstanding his youth, rank, and passionate love for her, for she was betrothed to another *bourgeois*, like herself. For his sake she refused even the title of marquess, offered her in the moments of youthful and ardent passion, and clung, with deathless truth, to her fisher-lover. The blood of the Montmorencis is fierce and hot, and brooks no opposition" (Sir Norman thought of Mirande, and inwardly owned that that was a fact), "and the marquis, in his jealous wrath, both hated and loved her at the same time, and vowed deadly vengeance against her *bourgeois* lover. That vow he kept. The young fisherman was found one morning at his lady-love's door without a head, and the bleeding trunk told no tales. Of course, for a while, she was distracted and so on; but when the first shock of her grief was over, my father carried her off, and will she not make her his wife. Fierce hatred, I told you, was mingled with his fierce love, and before the honeymoon was over it began to break out. One night, in a fit of jealous passion, to which he was addicted, he led her into a room she had never before been permitted to enter; showed her a grinning human skull, and told her it was her lover's! In his cruel exultation, he confessed all; how he had caused him to be murdered; his head severed from the body; and brought here to punish her some day for her obstinate refusal to love him. Up to this time she had been quiet and passive, bearing her fate with a sort of dumb resignation; but now a spirit of vengeance, fiercer and more terrible than his own, began to kindle within her; and kneeling down before the ghastly thing, she breathed a wish—a prayer—to the avenging Jehovah, so unutterably horrible, that even her husband had to fly with curdling blood from the room. That dreadful prayer was heard—that wish fulfilled in me; but long before I looked on the light of day that frantic woman had repented of the awful deed she had done. Repentance came too late; the sin of the father was visited on the child, and on the mother, too, for the moment her eyes fell upon me, she became a raving maniac, and died before the first day of my life had ended. Nurse and physician fled at the sight of me; but my father, though shrilling with horror, bore the shock, and bled to the retributive justice of the angry Deity she had invoked. His whole life, his whole nature, changed from that hour; and kneeling beside my dead mother, as he afterward told me, he vowed before high Heaven to cherish and love me, even as though I had not been the ghastly creature I was. The physician he bound by a terrible oath to silence; the nurse he forced back, and, in spite of her disgust and abhorrence, compelled her to nurse and care for me. The dead was buried out of sight; and we had rooms in a distant part of the house which no one ever entered but my father and the nurse. Though set apart from my birth as something accursed, I had the intellect and capacity of, yes, far greater intellect and capacity than, most children; and as years passed by, my father, true to his vow, became himself my tutor and companion. He did not love me—that was an utter impossibility; but time so blunted the edge of all things, that even the nurse became reconciled to me, and my father could scarcely do less than a stranger. So I was cared for, and instructed, and educated; and knowing not what a monstrosity I was, I loved them both ardently, and lived on happily enough, in my splendid prison, for my first ten years in this world. Then came a change. My nurse died; and it became clear that I must quit my solitary life, and seek the sort of world I lived in. So my father, seeing all this, sat down in the twilight one night beside me, and told me the story of my own hideousness. I was but a child then, and it is many and many years ago; but this gray summer morning, I feel what I felt then, as vividly as I did at the time. I had not learned the great lesson of life, then—endurance. I have scarcely learned it yet, or I should bear life's burden longer, but that first night's despair had darkened my whole after-life. For weeks I would not listen to my father's proposal, to hide what would send all the world from me in loathing behind a mask; but I came to my senses at last, and from that day to the present—more days than either you or I would care to count—it has not been one hour altogether off my face. I was the wonder and talk of Paris, when I did appear; and most of the surmises were wild and wide of the mark enough—some even going so far as to say it was all owing to my wonderful unheard-of beauty that I was thus mysteriously concealed from view. I had a soft voice, and a tolerable shape; and upon this I presume, they founded the affirmation. But my father and I kept our own council, and let them say what they listed. I had never been named, as other children are; but they called me La Masque now. I had masters and professors without end, and studied astronomy and astrology, and the mystic lore of the old Egyptians, and became noted as a prodigy, a wonder, and a miracle of learning, far and near. The arts used to discover the mystery and make me unmask were innumerable and almost incredible; but I baffled them all, and began, after a time, rather to enjoy the sensation I created than otherwise. There was one, in particular, possessed of even more devouring curiosity than the rest, a certain young countess of miraculous beauty, whom I need not describe, since you have her very image in Leoline. The Marquis de Montmorenci, of a somewhat inflammable nature, loved her almost as much as he had done my mother, and she accepted him, and they were married. She may have loved him (I see no reason why she should not), but still to this day I think it was more to discover the secret of La Masque than from any other cause. I loved my beautiful new mother too well to let her find it out; although from the day she entered our house as a bride, until that on which she lay on her death-

bed, her whole aim, day and night, was its discovery. There seemed to be a fatality about my father's wives; for the beautiful Honorie lived scarcely longer than her predecessor, and she died, leaving those three children—twins, all of whom you already know, and one of whom you love. To my care she intrusted them on her deathbed, and she could scarcely have intrusted them to worse; for though I liked her, I most decidedly disliked them. They were lovely children—their lovely mother's image; and they were named Hubert, Leoline, and Honorie, or, as you knew her, Miranda. Even my father did not seem to care for them much, not even as much as he cared for me; and when he lay on his deathbed, one year later, I was left, young as I was, their sole guardian, and trustee of all his wealth. That wealth was not very fairly divided—one half being left to me and the other half to be shared equally between them; but, in my wicked ambition, I was not satisfied even with that. Some of my father's fierce and cruel nature I inherited; and I resolved to be clear of those three stumbling-blocks and recompense myself for my other misfortunes by every indulgence boundless riches could bestow. So, secretly, and in the night, I left my home, with an old and trusty servant, known to you as Prudence, and my unfortunate little brother and sisters. Strange to say, Prudence was attached to one of them, and to neither of the rest—that one was Leoline, whom she resolved to keep and care for, and neither she nor I minded what became of the other two. From Paris we went to Dijon, where we dropped Hubert into the turn of the convent door, with his name attached, and left him where he would be well taken care of, and no questions asked. With the other two we went to Dover, *en route* for England; and there Prudence got rid of Honorie in a singular manner. A packet was about starting for the island of our destination, and she saw a strange-looking little man carrying his luggage from the wharf into a boat. She had the infant in her arms, having carried it out for the identical purpose of getting rid of it; and, without more ado, she laid it down, unseen, among boxes and bundles, and like Hagar, stood afar off to see what became of it. That ugly little man was the dwarf; and his amazement on finding it among his goods and chattels you may imagine; but he kept it notwithstanding, though why is best known to himself. A few weeks after that we, too, came over, and Prudence took up her residence in a quiet village a long way from London. Thus you see, Sir Norman, how it comes about that we are so related, and the wrong I have done them is assigned."

"La Masque is not at home, and I cannot admit you," was his sharp salute.

"Then I shall just take the trouble of admitting myself," said Sir Norman, shortly.

And without further ceremony, he pushed aside the skeleton and entered. But that out-raged servitor sprang in his path, indignant and amazed.

"No, sir! I cannot permit it. I do not know you; and you are all orders to admit strangers in La Masque's absence."

"Bah! you old simpleton!" remarked Sir Norman, losing his customary respect for old age in his impatience. "I have La Masque's order for what I am about to do. Get along with you directly, will you? Show me to her private room, and no nonsense!"

He tapped his sword-hilt significantly as he spoke, and that argument proved irresistible. Grumbling, *sotto voce*, the anatomy stalked upstairs; and the other followed, with very different feelings from those with which he had mounted that staircase last. His guide paused in the hall above, with his hand on the latch of a door.

"This is her private room, is it?" demanded Sir Norman.

"Yes."

"Just stand aside, then, and let me pass."

The room he entered was small, simply furnished, and seemed to answer as bedchamber and study, all in one. There was a writing-table under a window, covered with books, and he glanced at them with some curiosity. They were classics, Greek and Latin, and other unknown tongues—perhaps Sanscrit and Chaldaic, French *belles lettres*, novels, and poetry, and a few rare old English books. There were no papers, however, and those were what he was in search of; so, spying a drawer in the table, he pulled it hastily open. The sight that met his eyes fairly dazzled him. It was full of jewels of incomparable beauty and value, strewn at carelessly about as if they were "society-stones." The blaze of gems at the midnight court seemed to him as nothing compared with the Golconda, the Valley of Diamonds shooting forth sparks of rainbow-fire before him now. Around one magnificent diamond necklace was entwined a scrap of paper, on which was written:

"But you are not dead," said Sir Norman;

"and there is repentence and pardon for all.

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"and there is repentence and pardon for all.</p

"Ay, boys!" added old Dakota Dan; "it will be victory or death!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A NIGHT OF NIGHTS.

SILENT as shadows born of the night, our friends took their positions to await the coming of the raft with its load of bloodthirsty demons, feeling that the night that now surrounded them would doubtless, to some of them number, be extended into the darkness of eternity. They felt that they could not go through another as terrible conflict as that of the previous night without some loss of life.

With the silence of death itself, each man waited and listened for the coming of the raft—a huge log-pon—behind whose heavy walls crouched two-score of enemies. The surge of the waves breaking upon the shore told of its near approach, and at length to the fixed eyes peering into the gloom, a huge black mass shaped itself as it crept on through the water like some terrible, low-browed monster.

Dakota Dan's dog suddenly broke the silence by a warning bark.

The waves rolling on in advance of the raft now broke upon the island with an angry surge.

The firing of the burning arrows now ceased as if at a signal to that effect.

Kit Bandy suddenly arose, and thrusting his head out at an opening in the wall behind which they waited, demanded:

"Who comes there?"

But he received no answer save the roll and rebound of the waves.

He fired his revolver at the advancing raft; still there was no response.

Could it be that no one was aboard the raft?

This question arose in the mind of more than one, but before there was time for a second thought, it was answered. And such an answer!

A fierce yell that seemed the pent-up wrath and fury of a hundred demons, burst upon the air as the raft came to a stand against the island; but it was promptly answered with a shout of defiance from our friends.

Then over the walls of the raft swarmed the screaming demons; into the water they leaped and plunged ashore. A stream of fire from a score of rifles behind the ruined walls met their advance, and the yell and groans of dying men were added to the tumult of battle that now rent the night. Still the outlaws, nothing daunted by this first and unexpected reception, pressed on—swarmed over the walls—through the breaches that time had made, into the very midst of the defenders. And then, in the darkness, ensued a struggle that no pen can describe. It was a hand-to-hand encounter, and in the gloom one could not distinguish friend from foe. At least such was the case at the beginning of the battle, but, soon as all had come together, the robbers and outlaw savages dexterously brought into view upon their breasts a small blazing ball of fire—the robbers' night signal. But they had not counted upon it serving a double purpose—of being of greater benefit to their enemies than themselves. It told our friends where to strike, for well they knew what it meant.

Pistols, clubbed rifles, tomahawks and knives crashed and tore their way through air and flesh. Steel met steel in deadly clash; foes grappled and fell; cries of agony were mingled with yells of defiance. Crunching blows of heavy weapons, the hissing jar of pistol-shots, and the dull thump of falling bodies—all conspired to make the hour one of awful horror.

To and fro the tide of battle swayed across the island—now the minions of Prairie Paul seemed to hold the promise of victory, now the rangers. Above all could be heard the voices of Kit Bandy and Dakota Dan.

Idaho Tom and his rangers used their favorite weapons—their revolvers—and wherever a ball of fire was seen upon a breast, a bullet was sent with almost certain death toward it.

Prairie Paul soon saw where he had made a terrible blunder in arranging targets upon his men's breasts; but he saw it too late. His Indians became panic-stricken at their loss, and plunging into the river, fled. The surviving outlaws had no alternative but to follow, and all escaped to escape; but one, and one alone, failed. Prairie Paul stumbled over a dead body and fell. Before he could regain his feet a blow on the head laid him insensible.

Idaho Tom, bleeding at more than one wound, now ran to the cabin to inform his wife of their victory. He found the poor young thing cowering with terror in one corner with her babe clasped to her breast.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried, "I—"

"We have defeated them, darling—danger is past."

"Then my prayers have been answered, Tom," she said.

"Both safe, are they?" asked Kit Bandy, looking in at the door as he passed by.

Being answered in the affirmative he went on.

The half-breed, Qadocq, and his wife were gone. During the conflict they had stolen away, while Christie with closed eyes knelt in prayer.

The groans of the wounded and dying now filled the air, and made the night still more hideous and horrifying.

With torches the victors searched among the dead and dying for their comrades whose faces and voices were not among those who answered at roll-call.

Near where the battle began they found one of the young rangers, silent in death. A little further on lay Kit Bandy's companion, Ichabod Flea, breathing his last. Snowball, the negro, was found with a cloven skull, his fingers clutching upon the throat of a dead savage. In the search for others, Prairie Paul was found still insensible from the blow that had felled him to the earth. He was taken to the cabin and made a prisoner. Another of the young rangers, seriously wounded, was found and carried into a building where his wounds were dressed and everything possible done to alleviate his suffering. Major Loomis and Kit Bandy acted as surgeons, the latter displaying no little skill in his knowledge of surgery.

While they were thus engaged, a grim, gaunt animal appeared in the doorway and gave forth a mournful howl. It was covered with blood, and a gaping wound was in its side; but, despite these, Bandy recognized it. It was the dog, Humility.

"Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed; "it's the dog of Dakota Dan. Boys, have any of you seen him since the fight?"

A moment later four men appeared, carrying a form that appeared limp and lifeless. They laid it upon the ground by the fire.

"Great horn of Joshua!" cried Kit Bandy, in a tone of grief, "it is the form of Dan. Is he dead?"

He knelt down and felt his pulse.

"He lives," said the old detective; "his pulse is strong—bring some water, quick!"

Kit found a deep gash on the old borderman's head from which the blood was flowing profusely. A careful examination convinced him that the skull had not been fractured, though the blow had been of stunning force. He washed the blood from the face and hair, and dressed

the wound the best he could. In a few moments Dan showed evidence of returning consciousness, to the joy of those around him.

While Kit, the major, Herbert, Dorne and Christie and Tom attended on the wounded, the others removed all the enemy—the wounded and dead Indians and outlaws—from the island, and placing them aboard the raft that had brought them to their fate, sent them adrift down the river. The object in this was one of humanity and mercy; it was that the enemy might care for their own dead and wounded.

Scarcely a man had escaped without some slight injury, but only those named were slain.

It was more than an hour before Dakota Dan recovered consciousness, and when he did, he gazed around him in bewilderment and started up with a wild cry, calling his dog.

"Hullo, friend Dan," said Kit; "you've been taking quite a nap; but keep quiet, for you've a sore head where a devil hit you."

"Then we gained the victory, did we?" Dan questioned, speaking with some difficulty.

"We did for a fact—routed them horse and foot, but then—"

"But what did the victory cost?" the old fellow asked.

"I am sorry to say, Dan, it cost us some noble lives—four, I believe."

"Ah, me!" sighed Dan, "it was a terrible fight; but who wouldn't 'a' fit for that baby—but, where's Humility, boys? Have you seen him since the fight?"

"Dan," said Idaho Tom, who came in in time to hear the question. "I am very sorry to say to your dumb companion is dead."

"What! Humility is dead?" the old man cried, starting up, a wild look on his face; then, overcome with emotion, he sank back upon his couch, and as a mist gathered in his eyes, murmured: "it's just as well, for meby he'd be abused. Poor ole dog, he's seen a deal of ups and downs during his time. So have I, boys, and as my days of usefulness are numbered, it's just as well to go now."

"Why, Dan, you don't think you are going to die, from a wild dig on the head, do you?" asked Major Loomis.

"Die?—why, we're all going to die, major."

"Yes, at some future time; but don't give up, Dan, for you're good for years yet."

This assurance seemed to afford him relief, for a smile lit up his face, and closing his eyes he relapsed into silence. Presently he started up, saying:

"And so poor Humility's dead. That breaks the Triangle, boys, and the rest might as well go too. We've been awful busy doin' our lives. I began life a wee little toddler, like Tom's baby there, and many's the trials and troubles I've had. Old Patience, my mare, has been on the go ever since she could tote me; and Humility, my dog, has done duty from the time he became the hydrofob part of the Triangle. We've seen a deal of life all the way from the Missouri river to the Pacific waters, and the blood of ole Dan Rackback has stained the soil of every territory in the West. We've—that's the old Triangle—been a terror to the enemies of civilization, and now I think our mission on earth has been filled and that my time has come to join those that have been waiting those long years over the river. I know I have been a rough old codger, but then I acted in the sphere in which God placed me, and feel in my heart that I will be admitted to the presence of the great Fathers."

"Dan, don't give up, for we cannot spare you yet," said Idaho Tom. "I think you will feel better after a night's rest; so compose yourself and take a good sound sleep."

"I'll do it, Tom, though you must wake me at daybreak," replied the old man. "And, look here, Tom: have the boys look after poor Humility's body—tell 'em just to lay him away kind o' decently, and receive my thanks."

"I'll see that he is properly buried, Dan," said Tom.

The old ranger laid back upon his couch, closed his eyes and fell asleep in a few minutes.

The rest of the night was spent in the sad and solemn duty of burying the dead. Near the center of the island graves were dug with spades improvised from the boards of the roof of the cabin; and when the morning sun arose, it shone upon four mounds of fresh earth, over which many a scalding tear had been shed by brave-hearted comrades.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A LONG FAREWELL.

As Dakota Dan had requested, Idaho Tom woke him before the sun arose. He seemed much refreshed in mind and body by his night's rest, and his face wore a calm, serene expression that none had ever seen there before.

His voice, too, seemed clearer and his eyes brighter. He sat up on his couch and requested Tom to remove a piece of chinking from the wall facing eastward that he might see the sun rise. Tom did so, and a few moments later the sun looked over the eastern hills, and streaming in at the opening lit up the thin, emaciated face of the old borderman.

"Oh, how many times have I seen that sun rise, and alers when I watched its comin' what an eventful day to me was sure to foller," the old man said, a perceptible tremor now shaking his voice.

"You surely don't anticipate any great event occurring to-day, do you, Dan?" asked Tom.

"I don't?" said the ranger, fixing his eye upon Tom; "do you call death a great event?"

"Yes—the final event in man's earthly career; but, Dan—"

"Then to-day will see the final event in ole Dan Rackback's earthly career," said the old man. "Boy—Thomas, I can't last much longer."

Overcome with emotion, Tom turned and walked out of the cabin to where Major Loomis and Kit Bandy were engaged in conversation.

"Major," he said, "what do you think about Dan's case?"

"I think he can last but little longer, Tom. He's been struck with death these two hours. That brightness of the eye, hollowness of the voice and whiteness about the nose and nostrils are certain evidence of death. Yes, yes; Dan will have to go. He followed his last trail in search of you, Tom."

Tom turned and going back into the cabin sat down by Dan's side.

"Dan," he said, in a choking voice, "is it possible that you are going to leave us?"

"Yes, Thomas; my days of usefulness are over. The good Lord has seen fit to call me from the trail of the wicked here onto the broader trail of everlasting life. I'm willin' to go, Tom, for I am gettin' old and soon will be past self-support, then I would be in the way of the busy world. I've had a presentiment of death several days, Tom; and when I first looked upon your baby boy my thoughts grew serious at the contrast of life between us. It was feeble in youth—I in age. Everything was before, waitin' for it—all war left behind and forever gone from me, save an inheritance in heaven. You may think strange to hear ole Dakota Dan speakin' of heaven; but then I feel certain that God has given me hopes of future life. Night afore last, when in the woods alone, I prayed and prayed for hours—yes, old Dakota Dan prayed for forgiveness. My words warn't the most elegant, but the Lord could see into my heart, and know what I meant. My old mother I arnt me to pray, years and years ago, but arter she died and climbed that golden stair I went out into the busy world, was catched up by the rushing tide of excitement, and forgot my early train'. But, I never forgot my mother, Tom—never; and now I'm goin' to see her. It's a long way to heaven, yet in a few hours I'll be

the Great Father at Washington will hold you responsible for all that your tribe does in violation of articles of the treaty."

"But, while my unruly warriors have been doing wrong by going away from their lands, you pale-faced are doing wrong by going from yours."

"But we came here in pursuit of your warriors that had carried our friends away from their homes far beyond the limits of your reservation."

"The pale-face girl came to me with the news of your troubles here," said the chief, "and she begged and implored me to save you. I promised her I would."

"God bless her little soul," exclaimed Kit.

"I come to drive away the robbers and bad Injins that you might return home and tell your people how Spotted Tail holds sacred his promise to the Great Father at Washington. The Sioux that have troubled you are all bad men. Over a hundred bad Injins have deserted my tribe and hid away in the mountains with the bad whites who have deserted their people. The hills are the refuge for wicked men—the home of red and white outlaws. These have been troubling my white friends, yet I must be responsible for all that is done by the red-men, good and bad, off the reservation; but who will be responsible for what the white outlaws do upon the reservation?"

"Our government, chief; I am here, individually, for that purpose—to seek out the bad men that cheat and swindle the Indians. At this moment the outlaw captain, known as Prairie Paul, lies in yonder building, a captive, and if we are permitted to go hence I will take him along, dead or alive."

"The pale-face speaks strong; his words please the ear of Spotted Tail, and his face gives them strength and truth," answered the chief.

"Spotted Tail is a great and good chief—the friend of the white man," replied Kit, not to be outdone in bestowing compliments; "he has come from afar off with his brave warriors to deliver us from our enemies. Shall I tell the Great Father?"

"No," responded the chief, "let the bad deeds of the Indians go to balance the bad deeds of the white outlaws, and so let the kindness of the tribe go in search of kindness from the whites."

There was considerable sarcasm in the last words but Kit affected not to hear it. There was also considerable policy in the chief's desire to keep the whole matter from the government. He was afraid of being brought into conflict with it, should the raids of his outlaw warriors upon the citizens beyond the limits of the reservation become known. In fact, Kit saw that the chief was really anxious for a compromise, and lost no time to effect these terms of agreement: The whites were to leave the island and reservation as soon as their wounded were able to be moved under an escort of friendly warriors; they were to kill no game in the hills aside from the actual wants of their party, and they were to make no complaint to the government of the Indian raids. Aside from his agreement to furnish a suitable escort for the party, the chief also promised to make no complaint against the whites.

The matter thus settled, all the horses were at once sent over to the main land to pasture, while Herbert Dorne went down after the animal his party had left there.

The Indians acted very friendly, and after tarrying a few hours on the island the chief took the main body of his warriors and left, leaving about thirty under a young war-chief to protect the little band of whites and escort them from the hills to the plains of Dakota, whenever they were able to move.

CHAPTER L.

A LONG FAREWELL.

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His voice, too, seemed clearer and his eyes brighter. He sat up on his couch and requested Tom to remove a piece of chinking from the wall facing eastward that he might see the sun rise. Tom did so, and a few moments later the sun looked over the eastern hills, and streaming in at the opening lit up the thin, emaciated face of the old borderman.

"Then he exclaimed, and he turned his head toward the wall. His eyes closed; his fingers shut down over the thumbs; his jaws fell apart, and all that was earthly of Dakota Dan had passed away to the realms of eternal life.

With tears streaming down his cheeks and his form trembling with the deepest emotions, the strong man broke down, and he sank into a seat and wept like a child by his dying friend.

Christie came and bade him good-by, then went sobbing to her child sleeping in the basket near.

"Tom," said Kit, his voice still growling feebly, "it's not the lick on the head that I knifed 'em, but a thrust in the side with a knife I thought it was no use to tell you 'bout it, for you could not save me; and then the wound never bled externally. Tom, it's gittin' kind o' foggy in here, but out beyond in the great storm I see a radiant light. Good-by, Tom."

He pressed Tom's hand, then closed his eyes. He breathed easier now, and Tom thought he was gone, when, to his surprise, he opened his eyes and said:

"Tom, let me kiss your boy, for it was he that gave me the first glimpse into heaven."

Idaho Tom lifted his sleeping babe from the basket and carrying it to Dan, permitted the old man to kiss it.

"There," he exclaimed, and he turned his head toward the wall. His eyes closed; his fingers shut down over the thumbs; his jaws fell apart, and all that was earthly of Dakota Dan had passed away to the realms of eternal life.

Earth to earth and dust to dust.

The death of Dakota Dan cast additional gloom

A SHOE BY THE WAYSIDE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

An old shoe lying on the ground!
There have been footsteps greater,
And many a fancies weave around
A woman's cast-off garter!
With sentiment that worn-out shoe
A rhymers' soul encumbers,
Who gazes at a number 2,
Most musical of numbers!

A wayside waif that would not win
A passing observation.
Yet stirs a passing thought within
With strange infatuation!
Was it some maiden butterfly
With winsome look and feather
Who sprung from out, and then cast by,
This chrysanthem of leather?

Did that shoe tread in fashion's halls,
Or trip the dance's measures?
Light following to the master's calls
While the stage was full of pressure?
And was she beautiful and fair—
A dear and winning creature—
Who entered church with welcome there?
Was this sole a screacher?

How full this shoe of wondrous thought,
Though holes are in it plenty!
The foot that wore that garter out
Was on a mission of the sky!
A shoe, a shoe, a foot to fit
Indeed was one of beauty,
I dream she was, who trod in it,
The soul of faith and duty.

Did that shoe move along the ways
To light heart-beating tripping?
Or did it ever spoil her grace?
On orange peels slipping?
Or had it won rare favor?
A shoe, a shoe, a foot to fit
Indeed was one of beauty,
And did it shine to win his praise
In glory of striped stockings?

"Ho, exiles from a foreign shore!
Pausa if thou will and answer,
The owner of this number two,
Oh, was she number one, sir?
"Ye, 'boss, did dor's my 'oss 'shoe;
De little 'brat's don't loss 't
Dis' very mornin'; 'bleed to you,
Boss, for to come across it!"

Yankee Boys in Ceylon:

OR,

THE CRUISE OF THE FLYAWAY.

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I.—THE FLYAWAY AT SEA.—THE CINGALESE PILOTS.

The scene opens on the spicy shores of the Indian seas, and a beautiful topsail schooner, under easy sail, is seen running through the bright sea at racing speed, winged out to catch every breath of air which came from the west. A schooner perfect in every line, a model of beauty, grace, and speed. She was yacht built, after the American model; which is to say, she had great breadth of beam, and was calculated to carry a great spread of canvas. Her prow was as sharp as a knife blade, and cut through the water with a hissing sound. Her canvas, as we have said, was remarkably heavy for so small a craft, but she stood up under it bravely, and showed every quality of a good sea boat. She was painted black, with a red stripe, and white ports. Without intending to fight, she carried two small brass six-pounders forward, kept bright and clean by the crew, who petted the guns, and talked of what they would do if they met a Malay pirate in the narrow seas beyond *Indo-China*, where they meant to go after they had proved themselves hunters amid the jungles of Ceylon, for which island they were headed.

The crew were neatly dressed—blue pants, wide at the bottom, in true sailor style; close-fitting "Guernseys," or Jerseys, so called, and jackets of the same color, slashed with white. Upon the breast of the shirt a large capital "F" was worked in white. They wore Scotch caps with the word "Flyaway" worked upon the band. The crew were ten in number, and evidently able seamen chosen for their skill in navigation. But with them, at present, we have little to do, but turn to the officers, who are all on deck.

They are four in number and wear uniforms very much like those of the American navy, bearing respectively the insignia of captain, first lieutenant, second lieutenant, and sailing-master. The captain is a young man not over twenty-two, with a handsome, sunburned face, large gray eyes, and curling brown hair. His figure is stalwart, and he is evidently a hard customer to meet in a close grapple. This is Richard Wade, owner and commander of the schooner Flyaway, New York, bound on a cruise of adventure in the eastern seas.

The "first" and "second" are his brothers; you can see that at a glance. The same bright, expressive eyes, curling brown hair and strong build, although "Ned" is only nineteen and "Will" a year younger.

The sailing-master is a man about forty-five years of age, and every inch a sailor. His closely-cut hair is getting gray, and his face, by long exposure to the sun and wind, has become tanned to the color of mahogany. His hands, from long use in the rigging and at the wheel and oar, are curved inward, and it is almost impossible for him to open them entirely. In person he is short, but his shoulders are those of a Hercules, and no man, after being in the grip of sturdy Captain Dave Sawyer, ever "hankered" after another hug.

"Keep her north-east by east, you at the wheel!" growled Captain Dave. "Captain Wade, if we don't have a sooner before long then I don't know anything of the Injin seas."

"The Flyaway can stand it, Dave," replied Richard Wade.

"I reckon she can," was the reply. "There ain't boat of her inches, if I do say it, that is a patch alongside of this yacht. It did my old heart good to see her walk away from that steamer when we came out of Cape Town. Give me the right wind, and all the pots and kitties in creation can't beat the Flyaway."

"The wind is going down," remarked Ned, looking up at the sails, which no longer filled. "Are we going to have a calm?"

"Maybe so and maybe not," answered the sailing-master, casting a quick glance over the lee rail. "All you Flyaway—jump! Stand by to take in sail!"

"Take in sail!" cried Ned, in astonishment. "We'd better to send up the kites and 'balloons' instead."

"Captain Wade," demanded the sailing-master, "what shall I do, since this young man chooses to interfere?"

"Do as you think right, Dave. At the same time, I don't think Ned meant to interfere with you."

"Not at all; but it looks as if we were going to have a calm, instead of a storm," Ned explained.

"You won't have long to wait before you are satisfied on that point," returned Dave Sawyer. "Down with the mainsail and secure it."

"The yacht rig is peculiar and has been made a study in order to render available every inch which will bear a sail. Many of the names given to these small sails are only applied to this peculiar class of vessels."

"All! Be lively, my lads; jump, if you strain blood vessels!"

The men sprung to the work with a will, and in less than ten minutes, under their quick and skillful hands, the mainsail was down and secured, the fore sail close-reefed, and the Flyaway moved slowly through the water, under close-reefed fore sail and storm jib.

"I guess she will stand that," muttered the sailing-master. "Now, Ned, my boy"—turning to the first lieutenant—"maybe I spoke a little sharp just now, but I know these seas better than you. We are going to have a buster."

"There is a boat," cried Will. They were miles from land, and yet, close upon them, a small light boat was leaping over the waves toward them. She was built something like an Indian canoe, sharp at both ends, and had carried a small triangular sail. But that was down now, and the two men in the boat were using their paddles, sending their light craft flying through the water at every stroke. They had seen the Flyaway and were heading for her.

"Hail them!" suggested Richard. "A pilot will be a good thing for us, if there is danger."

"No need to hail them," replied the sailing-master. "They are coming as fast as they can."

The boat was now so near that they could see the brown and nearly naked bodies of the Cingalese as they worked at the paddles. A moment more, and the boat lay close to the side of the schooner, and a straight, supple form bounded upon deck, and placing his hands upon his forehead, made a low obeisance.

"Let the sailors listen to the words of their slaves!" he spoke in the sweet persuasive voice which seems to be an attribute of the Hindoo race: "A dark cloud hangs over them which will envelop and destroy them. Darkness will surround them; the breath of the tempest will lift them."

"Oh, give us a rest," replied Dave Sawyer, who understood the language of the Cingalese. "Does all that, bein' interpreted, mean that we are going to have a wind?"

"The Sahib Captain has heard the words of his devoted slave, and he has seen the dark cloud in the sky."

"Modo, you rascal!" cried Dave, suddenly. "How came you here?"

This was addressed to the second native who was just climbing over the rail. The moment he saw Dave Sawyer he joined his hands over his head, and plunged head foremost into the sea.

"Call him back, the blasted thief!" roared Sawyer. "Does the cuss think that a native-born American sailor holds a grudge forever? Tell him to come back; I won't hurt him."

The man who was on deck shouted to his friend as his head appeared above the waves, in a tongue unknown to the young men. At first he seemed averse to returning, and appeared rather inclined to trust to his powers as a swimmer to get into the hands of Dave Sawyer. But, after a while, he swam back slowly, climbed into his boat, and again appeared on deck, his dark hair dripping with salt water.

"Now, ain't you a nice bird, Modo?" sneered Sawyer. "Don't you think I ought to run you up on the main sheet and leave you dangling there?"

The man, a wily specimen of the native Cingalese, prostrated himself upon the deck at the feet of Sawyer.

"Modo is at the feet of the Captain Sahib," he whined. "He is as the dust of the earth before him, for him to tread upon. Your slave has been in darkness, overpowered by the snare of the insidious. He was blown about as chaff before the wind, and did not know which way to turn, when, in an evil hour, the tempter came and led him away from so good and noble a master."

"Oh, you skunk! Who tempted you to steal my best gun, and run away with my ship's dingy?"

"The evil spirit had power over the heart of Modo in that unhappy hour."

"Well, get up, you thief of the world. I won't say any more about it, though I promised to tan your hide the first time we met."

The man awoke with a peculiar look upon his face. Of all wily vagabonds, none can equal those strange people, and they consider it a part of their duty to spoil the Egyptians in every possible way. But they had to deal with a man who understood them, and would be on his guard against them, and they know it.

"The skunks won't try to fool with me, captain," declared the sailing master. "They know old Dave Sawyer, and that I will take the skin off their backs if they try any games upon me. Here, Modo, you brown thief, are we going to have a gale?"

"A terrible one, sahib."

"From what direction?"

Modo lifted his hand and pointed to the north-east.

"Just as I thought, and I am afraid we can't clear the coast. Now see here: when the wind comes I am going to run before it, and depend upon you to take me safe through the reefs. Can you do it?"

"The Captain Sahib knows that Modo is the best pilot in Ceylon."

"All right. I am going to trust you, but I tell you now that if you play any games on me, get the schooner ashore or anything of that sort, I am going to knock you on the head before we go down. I am a man of my word; remember that?"

The man said nothing, but walked aft to the man at the wheel.

"Me pilot," he said, in execrable English. "Big good pilot, too. You mind me, Sahib Sailor."

"Not just yet, Modo. When I put the schooner in your hands you shall know it," interrupted Sawyer.

"Wind come now, sahib," declared the Cingalese, pointing to the north-east again.

Every eye followed the direction of his finger, and saw, far away in the distant horizon, what appeared to be a dark wall, rolling rapidly across the waves. In the midst of this wall, and above it, numberless dark spots could be seen, hurried to and fro by some mighty power.

"That is the wind!" cried Sawyer. "In mighty glad we stripped her in time."

"What are those spots which seem to come with it?" asked Richard.

"Sea-birds, my boy. They are trying to make head against it, but it is no use. They make a terrible fuss in a wind like this. Steady, you at the wheel; help him, Barker."

One of the best among the men stepped to the wheel, and took his place with the man already there. They knew well that in these terrible winds the wheel has been literally torn from the hands of a single man, and the ship sunk before they could do anything to avert the calamity.

"Hold hard all!" shouted Sawyer. "Here it comes, flying light!"

The black wall rushed up rapidly, with a

rush and roar like that of a thousand demons suddenly released. The sky turned black about them, and myriads of sea-birds, hurried forward by the mighty gale, passed all around and through the rigging, screaming out their fear.

The schooner received the first terrible stroke of the tempest a little on her quarter, and went over like a top; but the men at the wheel "touched her up a little," and she righted, and shot ahead through the boiling surge, the wind whistling through her rigging, and every spar bending to the blast. But the Flyaway was built of staunch material, and the tapering masts, although they bent like reeds, stood the test! One of the Cingalese covered and whimpered under the lee sail, but Modo, thief, and vagabond as he was, was staunch and true. An hour passed and they saw before them the long dark line which indicated land.

"The schooner is yours, Modo," now remarked the sailing master. "If you take her safe through the reefs, I will give you the choice of five good rifles. If you fail—you know what will happen!"

Modo sprung upon the lee rail in spite of the dashing spray, and looked out ahead. Before them ran a long line of breakers, and toward these the Flyaway was going like a race-horse. But the dark face of Modo showed no fear. He had spoken to the men at the wheel, and given them his signals for "port," "starboard," and "amidships," for no voice could have been heard at the distance of five feet in that awful wind. Through the line of breakers ran a dark sea. Modo raised his hands upon his forehead, and the wind was so quiet and placid that at times Jessie had to rush out of the house into the woods, down by the mill-stream—anywhere, so she might drown the voices of her past—that she might crush down the well-remembered melody of dance music she had kept time to, on Selwyn Richards' arm, with his eyes on hers, and whis-pers of adoring passion on his lips.

Yet, for all these paroxysms of rebellious remembrance, the days were bringing healing not to the girl's love-wounds; that would never be cured, but to her impatience and discontent.

And then, one day Mrs. Garland came home from the village, with her dear old face all aglow with proud delight, and Jessie smiled in sympathy, though in ignorance, as she looked up from her sewing—a cap she was making for Mrs. Garland.

"Jessie, what do you think? My son is coming home! He will be here to-night—and not a slice of cream-cake in the house, and he is fond of it! Put up the sewing, dear, and we'll go down in the kitchen and toss up a cake."

Jessie folded the foamy lace trifle carefully away.

"How you love him, Mrs. Garland! And I know he must be a good boy to deserve such a mother."

Mrs. Garland held her Paisley carefully, with a smile on her face.

"As good a son as ever mother had, Jessie. Hardly a boy—why, did you think he was a boy? He is a man, dear—thirty-three next Christmas!"

Jessie's eyes opened in surprise. She certainly had thought of him as a boy—what very little thought she had bestowed on him at all. And a gentleman to intrude on the even tenor of their lives! It made her cheeks flush with pain, at the memories that came surging over her. Then she rebuked herself sternly for her selfishness, and determined to do penance.

"You must remember you never have called him anything but 'your boy' and 'your son,'" Mrs. Garland said, so that I even do not know his name. Shall I see that the west room is aired and put in order, Mrs. Garland? And I will gather some late flowers after we make the cream cake."

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